

THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

VOLUME I, NUMBER 10,

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1909

\$2.50 PER YEAR, 10c. PER COPY

Galveston, Tex., Again Laid Waste

Immense Tidal Wave Repeats Cataclysm Of Nine Years Ago---Town Wiped Off Map---Scores Of People Perish

A Fine New Boat on the Run Work Moving Right Along

Several days overdue owing to encountering ice in Bering Sea, the fine new steamer St. Croix, of the Schubach-Hamilton Steamship Co., made port Monday evening. She is certainly a handsome vessel, and it is to be hoped that business enough will develop to keep her on the run steadily. She is built on the same general lines as the Cottage City though larger, and being of newer and more modern construction is a much finer and better vessel. She is fitted with wireless, and has many conveniences not found on the other vessels operating on this run. Her staterooms are all large and airy, containing but two berths, each of which is fitted with a portable read-

Word comes down from the reservoir site on the hill, that everything there is progressing finely. The small crew of men at work are making a very creditable showing and the work will be finished well within the figure set by the town council.

The interior work and the fittings of the boat were all new this year, so that, all in all, she is a very desirable addition to the Southeastern Alaska fleet.

She is scheduled to sail from Seattle on this run, July 25, and every twelve days thereafter as long as business warrants, making the regular ports of call, including Sitka.

NEW ORLEANS, July 22nd—The particulars of the immense tidal wave which devastated the Gulf coast yesterday, are slowly reaching this city. The damage is greatest at Galveston, Texas, where, in spite of the millions of dollars expended to guard against just such an occurrence, conditions appear to be equally as bad as those of Sept. 4, 1900, when the coast was laid waste by a similar disturbance.

Particulars are not as yet obtainable, but it appears that practically all of Galveston was engulfed without a moment's warning, and scores of the inhabitants drowned. From the smaller towns along the coast come like reports of wholesale death and destruction.

Aid is pouring in from every hand, the different states and the national government uniting to aid the sufferers.

Later—At noon today the water was slowly receding, but was still over eight feet deep all over the city of Galveston.

Steamers Galore

Monday of this week was a red letter day on the boat question, with a total of five to its credit. The fun began early, when the steamers Spokane and Queen arrived bright and early, about six o'clock, with over four hundred passengers between them, who quickly scattered over the town, before the most of us had surrounded our breakfasts. They took in every point of interest and kept everybody at the stores busy until eleven o'clock, when, with much tooting of whistles, they sailed for the north.

The Port Simpson was the next to appear, arriving just about noon after a pleasant trip from Telegraph creek.

Right on the schedule as usual, the Humboldt tied up to the wharf a little before three, with a passenger list taxing her capacity. The cut rate of \$50.00 for the round trip, which she is now making is certainly getting all the business for her that she can handle.

Shortly after six the fifth and last vessel of the day appeared the St. Croix. She was on her way south from an excursion trip to Nome, with a fair sized passenger list. She took a couple of passengers south from this port.

A Long Trip Alone

A recent copy of the Seattle P-I. contained the following under an Aberdeen, Wash., date line:

Braving the waves of the Pacific in an open gasoline launch not more than twenty-eight feet in length, unaccompanied by a single companion, and provisioned and equipped for a ten-day run, is the feat which is being attempted by George Pott, a resident of Aberdeen, who sailed July 13, for Wrangell, Alaska, in an open gasoline launch, the Dutch.

Pott declared that he would make no stop until his destination was reached, and plans to accomplish the trip in not to exceed a week. He will spend the summer fishing in the vicinity of Wrangell and expects to return in the fall.

One Poor Little Deer

It took half a dozen boys, more or less, 14 guns, the schooner Plymouth Rock, and one Scripps motor, etc., to capture one poor little motherless deer on its way home from Sunday School last Sunday on Zarembo Island. The story the boys tell of the incidents of the trip would fill a Sunday edition of the Seattle Times, and their description of the midnight fishing for sandwiches would be a seller anywhere.

An exchange tells of a man who was severely injured in the pay streak. Wonder what part of the anatomy that is. Suppose though that it must be near the pocket-book.

Washington & Mayer SHOES

Of which we have the SOLE AGENCY for Wrangell, are advertised in 11 different languages. No other brand of shoes is advertised in so many tongues. Their reputation for excellent quality and style has been established throughout Alaska for many years. We carry them in all descriptions—Heavy shoes for loggers and prospectors, Walking and Dress shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen, etc.,

**THERE'S
NOTHING
BETTER
MADE**



In order to make room for some 20 cases of these SHOES in the latest styles which we have now in transit from Washington and Milwaukee, we will sell for this week

AT REDUCED PRICES

the following numbers which we are cutting out. They are splendid value. Get in on the sale before it is too late.

5 pairs	Gent's box calf	\$5.40, reduced to \$3.15
17 "	" " "	5.00, " " 3.15
2 "	" " "	4.50, " " 2.75
2 "	" " "	3.00, " " 2.00
4 "	" " Congress	5.00, " " 2.75
5 "	" " Tan	5.50, " " 3.15
4 "	" " Pat. leather	5.00, " " 3.00
3 "	" " Leather lined	5.50, " " 3.00
10 "	Ladies Oxfords	2.50, " " 1.85

Canvas Shoes 1-3 off during the Sale

F. MATHESON

Department Store

Jewelers, Forwarders, News Agents

The CITY STORE

DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor

Dealers in

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, and Shoes, Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions, Paints, Oils and Gasoline, Rubber Goods and Oil Clothing.

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables in Season.

Mining, Hunting, Prospecting, Trapping and Logging Outfits a Specialty.

Wrangell - - Alaska

Note and Comment

The question of an income tax is of very little interest to most of us.

To the woman with that kind of a hat every "peach basket" joke must look like a whole crate of lemons.

Japan has excluded Tolstol's writings. The Czar and Mikado have at last managed to agree on something.

President Taft has abandoned simplified spelling in favor of the complicated brand which is easier understood.

Copenhagen has elected seven female Aldermen, and it is thought that the city hall will have to be dusted this year.

We do not find it difficult in the least to think of things that would be more pleasant than being caught in an airship by a sixty-mile gale.

The woman who loaned a strange fortune teller \$327 is not altogether a loser. She will win the leather medal for being the easiest mark in town.

A New York paper publishes an editorial on "Why Girls Leave Home." In the majority of cases they go because they are invited by young men to do so.

Let us hope the Prince of the Netherlands and the queen grandmother may not engage in any serious clashes over the manner in which the baby is to be raised.

Rudyard Kipling, while not so pessimistic as Prof. Starr, predicts that Mr. Roosevelt will ruin his liver. But Mr. Kipling frequently takes a bilious view of things.

It is given out from time to time that Federal expenses are to be reduced. What's the use, when the corporations are paying \$2,000,000 fines in actual money?

Little Juliana Louise Emma Marie Wilhelmina will need only one of these names when she succeeds to the crown of Holland, but it is a good thing to have an extensive collection from which to make a choice.

It actually seems safer now in this country to kill a man than to wreck a bank. In the case of the former crime, it appears, an acquittal may always be depended on, if the reputation of feminine relatives is blackened with the theoretical purpose of showing the jurymen the mental condition of the murderer.

Notwithstanding the old saying, familiarity does not always breed contempt. There is no disrespect in the minds of the organizers of "Bill Club number one, of the world," who have elected President Taft to membership. All the other members are also familiarly called "Bill" by their most intimate friends.

One of the first lessons that philanthropists must learn is that it is not always easy to do good. There is a perversity in human nature, even when inspired by the best intentions, which sometimes seems to operate invincibly in favor of wrong. If the mischief that is done by those who mean nothing but good could be eliminated from the world the sum total of error would be noticeably reduced.

Among the problems in which sociologists and charity workers are deeply interested, the care of dependent children holds an important place. And there is none to which united effort can be better exercised for good. Under modern conditions of life, especially in congested districts, it is inevitable that hundreds of future citizens shall be left orphaned and without means of livelihood. Society owes it to these to provide that they shall be reared under the best possible influences.

The peanut is often taken as the type of the small and unimportant. "Peanut politics" has become a current phrase, and to "run my own business, if it's only a peanut stand," is also a common expression. The American peanut industry is, however, of considerable importance. The annual product of the United States is about one hundred million pounds, or one-sixth of the entire crop of the world, and Americans eat four million bushels a year. The shells, usually considered a waste, are now shipped in large quantities to Germany, where they are ground up, mixed with molasses, and made into food for cattle.

On a New Jersey farm a few weeks ago there was a celebration in honor of a remarkable woman. As maid, waitress, cook and nurse, she had been continuously in service to one family

for fifty years, and the whole family, including the grandchildren, gathered to commemorate the occasion. The master of the house led her to her seat at the head of the table, and the young women took turns in waiting on her. There are two unusual elements in this story. Probably there are few servants who have presided so long over one kitchen, and there are probably few families which could be gathered together with such united enthusiasm to show their affection, their appreciation, their gratitude. One reason why Mary stayed so long is to be found in her faithful soul, the other in the goodness of her employers. If Americans have more difficulty with "the servant problem" than other people, it is not only because they are not good servants; but because they are not good employers of service. The two relations are one in any nation taken as a whole. Our Democracy has become, if not perverted, at least inverted; we interpret equality to mean that we are all too good to be servants; whereas it ought to mean that nobody is too good to be a servant, that service is honorable and beautiful and dignified. Difficulties with private servants are strikingly like difficulties with public servants. The true public servant who has been doing his work day in and day out quietly for half a century seldom finds the great democratic family he has been toiling for united to recognize his value at the end of the long term. Not that in gratitude or any other fault is peculiar to democracies, but democracies have a proverbial deficiency of gratitude. It may be profitable to consider whether as a people we shall not find that the ability to render private and public service and the disposition to honor private and public service are the same thing.

The limitation of the membership on any profession, business, or trade is a difficult and delicate matter. When too many follow a pursuit it reduces the profit for every one engaged. Trade unionism recognizes this and bases one of the most important of its policies upon it. In business, and especially in the professions, it is left to work itself out almost unchecked save by its own natural action. That is, a certain profession, because of special circumstances, begins to attract more than are really needed in its ranks. At first, and, indeed, for a long time after the damage is done, it is not generally known. Finally it is realized that this professional work is underpaid as compared to other work on the same intellectual plant. Its profits are so small as compared to the cost of living that the other considerations, personal and social, which always enters into the choice of a professional no longer compensate. But by this time thousands have committed themselves, and the tragedy of hope deferred and of crushed ambitions is dragged out to its end. We recur to this well known evil at this time because of an article on the oversupply in the medical profession published in a recent number of the Journal of the American Medical Association. The warning conveyed by the facts recited should be given the widest possible currency. The proposal that medical schools refuse matriculants and confine themselves during a sort of "close season" to graduate instruction is hardly practicable. But it is certainly desirable that whatever can be done through publicity to deter young men from an unconsidered and uninformed choice of the medical profession should be done. A campaign of discouragement, as it were, would, of course, be subject to the suspicion of selfish interest. But that injustice should be endured for the sake of the larger good involved. The secular press and periodicals can do much to make the situation known, and that is the only legitimate and effective treatment. The problem is the more difficult that the cheapness of education in America makes access to the professions relatively easy, though not, perhaps, too easy. A less commendable factor is the undemocratic valuation of professional service as superior socially. The social consideration undoubtedly induces many young men to enter professions who would not only earn a securer and better living in a skilled trade but would be more useful members of society.

His Day of Reckoning.

As the stout man whose appetite had excited the envy of the other boarders turned to leave the parlor, he looked down at his waistcoat. "I declare, I've lost two buttons off my vest," he said, ruefully.

He was a new boarder, but his landlady saw no reason for further delay in showing her banner, "Watchfulness and Economy for all." She gave him the benefit of the chill gaze so familiar to her older boarders.

"I think without doubt you will find them both in the dining room," she announced, clearly.

It is nice in the books to have a masterful man for a hero, but such a man is called downright bossy by the neighbors in real life.

Some young men haven't even a lame excuse for carrying a cane.

UNCLE SAM'S OLDEST LIVING SOLDIER

Laying close siege to the century mark, Uncle Sam's oldest soldier recently celebrated his ninety-seventh birthday in Washington. He is Major General Daniel H. Rucker, U. S. A., retired, born ninety-seven years ago—April 28, 1812. In the whole history of the military service of the United States there is no record to parallel his, declares O. F. Schuette in the Chicago Inter Ocean. Probably in all the world there is no soldier who can look back seventy-two years to the date of his first commission. For it was in 1837 that the future general received his first commission as a second lieutenant from President Andrew Jackson. He was then a man of 25—little dreaming that he had before him three-quarters of a century of life. If he lives three years longer, and with his present vigorous vitality there is no reason he should not, he will cross the century mark of life and celebrate the end of three-quarters of a century of membership on the military lists of the United States government.

Away back in the dawn of our national greatness, our school book histories tell of the war of 1812. Yet Daniel Rucker was two months old before the first shot of that war was fired. A year later came the first Creek Indian war. Five years later came the hostilities with the Seminoles in Florida. And then came outbreak after outbreak of Indian conflicts. It was in this Indian warfare away back in the '30s that he saw his first service. He won his first promotion for bravery in the Mexican war. Then again he participated in Indian warfare. He was 49 years old when Fort Sumter was fired on. When the Spanish war broke out he was 86 years of age. But he had retired from active service sixteen years before, with forty-five years of service to his credit.

It is a far cry from the clumsy, muzzle-loading flint lock to the noiseless, smokeless, rapid-fire rifle of today. And it is a further cry from the wooden frigates that formed the fleet of the United States and won those splendid naval victories on the great lakes, when he was a babe in 1812, to the marvelous squadron of fighting ships that sailed home from a triumphant trip around the world.

When General Rucker first joined the ranks of Uncle Sam's defenders there was no such thing as breech-loading muskets, no sixteen inch guns, no torpedoes, no mines, no lyddite shells. No warship was propelled by steam and all the fleets of the world were at the mercy of the wind and of the waves. Then came the Civil War and the first ironclads. General Rucker had passed the half century mark of his life when the first battle of armored ships was fought and the triumph of the Monitor in beating off the Merrimack and turning the tide of the Confederacy on the seas. Yet that was but a toy experiment of what was to follow. Progress was slow, and it was thirty years before the armored vessel of to-day really came into being. General Rucker was 87 years old when the navy of the United States—worthy successor of the plucky little fighters of 1812—sent to the bottom in two hemispheres the successors of the proud Spanish armada.

It is a long jump from the clumsy frigate, with its muzzle loading guns, its shaking sails and its limited range of action, to the Dreadnoughts of today, with their heavy armor, their speed, their powerful engines and their wonderful range; and there have been other marvels just as great in the progress of his profession. When he took his first commission, and rode 200 miles on horseback alone to his post, no one had thought of automobiles or airplanes or wireless telegraph, much less of their revolutionary use in actual warfare.

When General Rucker was born Abraham Lincoln was a 3-year-old babe in the backwoods of Kentucky. General Rucker was 19 years old, minus just one day, when General Grant saw the light of day, April 27, 1822. Only one President of the United States died before General Rucker was born—George Washington. He was 14 years old when John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died on that same Fourth of July in 1826. When James Monroe, the fourth ex-President to die, succumbed, on July 4, 1831, General Rucker was 19 years old. And out of the nation's twenty-six ex-Presidents General Rucker has survived all save one, Theodore Roosevelt.

General Rucker was but a boy when his parents moved from New Jersey to Michigan. It was there he got his first taste of army life, at a frontier Michigan army post. His father was averse to his joining the army, and his mother even more so; but the future general won out, and he applied for a commission as second lieutenant. There was plenty of work for Uncle Sam's soldiers in those days, with the boundless West just opening its wealth to the onward march of civil-



ization. He was assigned to the First dragoons, then on duty at Fort Leavenworth. Lieutenant Rucker made his way overland by stage coach until he got to the nearest point which the stage coach service of those days could bring him to the Kansas outpost. He was then still 200 miles from his destination.

He had hardly settled down to the comparative ease of his frontier post before he was ordered into the heart of the Cherokee country, and for half a dozen years he was kept busy with his soldiers driving off marauding Indians, protecting settlers and emigrants' caravans and holding the hostile reds in check. He was still busy in this hazardous campaigning when the First dragoons were ordered off to Mexico as part of General Zachary Taylor's expedition. He took part in the battle of Buena Vista, and distinguished himself by an act of personal gallantry in the field. It was an act of bravery under the eye of a commanding officer, who recommended him for a brevet commission as major. When peace was declared Major Rucker's command was sent across the continent to Los Angeles.

The discovery of gold brought the rush of '49, and then there was more than plenty to do. It was a feverish time, and the soldiers of Uncle Sam had to hold in check the madness of the men that swarmed into the new El Dorado. Few of those who started across the mountains and the deserts that fenced off California knew of the hardships they must face. Each new arrival brought tales of horror from the trail. Lost and starving, the immigrants straggled off their paths, until sacrifice of life made terrible the days.

Finally Rucker was ordered east. He left San Francisco in a steamer for Panama, with Lieutenant Sherman—afterward General Sherman—as one of his companions. They made the trip across the isthmus of Panama by ponies and small boats and then sailed for Jamaica, where Sherman and Rucker paid a friendly call on General Santa Ana, whom they had worsted at Buena Vista. Major Rucker saw several years of comparatively peaceful service in the East and then he was again sent out to the frontier. This time his battlefields covered New Mexico, in constant warfare with the Apaches. While he was in this work the civil war broke out and he was ordered back to Washington.

In September, 1861, he was promoted to Colonel of volunteers and in May, 1863, President Lincoln made him Brigadier General of volunteers. In 1865 he was made Brevet Major General of volunteers and in 1866 he was mustered out of the volunteer ranks.

But he was made a Colonel and assistant quartermaster general of the regular service and served as such until February 13, 1882, when he was made Brigadier General and quartermaster general. At that time he had seen forty-five years of service and seventy-one years of life. He was then placed on the retired list as a Major General.

He is still hale and hearty and delights in walks in the beautiful portion of residential Washington, near his home; but he is leading a quiet life, and even the excitement of recalling the hard days of fighting is too much for his strength. With him lives his daughter, Miss Sarah Rucker. Another daughter, Mrs. Philip H. Sheridan, widow of the hero of Winchester, lives but a few blocks away, where she can see the statue of her husband that a grateful nation erected.

In all his years of service General Rucker was never wounded. What is more remarkable, in all the years of

service and hardship he was never ill for a single day.

ATLANTIC GARDEN IN DANGER.

Old Relic of New York's Bowery Is Marked for Destruction.

The Atlantic garden, one of the few remaining buildings binding the Bowery of to-day to the old Bowery—the Bowery which saw the wealth and fashion of the town go nightly to the Thalia theater and slip into the garden next door for a bite and a sip between the acts—celebrated its fifty-first birthday Friday evening under a shadow. The shadow was cast by the Manhattan bridge, already looming large to the east and projecting itself nearer and nearer to the spot that still has the savor of the old days.

A rumor to the effect that the city, desirous of making a fitting approach to the great bridge, had already marked the garden for destruction, brought the oldtimers there in droves Friday night, the New York Sun says. They told stories of the old days, the days when if you wanted to hear German opera you had to journey to the Thalia, where Corried worked as a supe and where Mme. Geistinger drew her crowds. The old passageway between the theater and the garden is still there.

The garden was opened on May 8, 1858, by the father of the present Kramers, and part of it is the original Bull's Head tavern of the Revolution, one of Washington's many headquarters. It was the center of the German life of the town, and there Kramer first showed the great orchestra, the wonder of its time, which he bought from the grand duke of Baden. There, too, the German regiments of the Civil War made their headquarters and recruiting station, and there played all the famous bands of half a century ago. All this those at the long table recalled Friday night as they drained their schooners of Rhine wine and lit the candles one by one.

CLIMATE MADE IN FRANCE.

Means of Providing Paris Vegetables Weeks Ahead of Season.

The gardeners of Paris get their products on the market weeks before the regular season for them. This forcing of nature is described by Ernest Poole in Success Magazine.

The secret is simply this: The French maraichers have manufactured a climate to suit them. As one observes has said, "They have moved the climate of Monte Carlo up to the suburbs of Paris."

Some new prodigy of modern science, this? Not at all. Only enormous expense in money and in time. The gardens, whenever possible, are placed on land with a slope to the south, and are well protected by the walls on the north and east—walls built to reflect light as well as to give protection from the northeast winds.

The ground is practically covered with glass, not as in a greenhouse, but by glass frames in the open. "Three-light" frames of uniform size, 12 by 4½ feet; and also by glass bells. These, too, are of a uniform size, about the shape of a chapel bell, a little less than 17 inches in diameter and from 14 to 15 inches high. The French call them cloches. You may often see over a thousand frames and over ten thousand glass bells in one two-acre plot in the suburbs of Paris.

A more recent innovation is the employment of hot-water pipes run under the soil, making of the earth a veritable steam-heated hotel, with this essential difference, that the hotel-keeper here is desperately eager, not to keep his guests, but to persuade them to leave on the earliest possible day.

HEALTH AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS: VIEWS OF VETERAN EDUCATOR.



WHAT are termed by the author "some rather sweeping generalizations" on the subject of medical inspection of school children are contained in an article entitled "A Lesson From Medical Inspection of Schools," published in the Psychological Clinic, a journal edited by Professor Lightner Witmer of the University of Pennsylvania and published in Philadelphia. The author of the article is George H. Martin, who has been an educator for forty-four years, supervisor of the schools of Boston and since 1904 secretary of the Massachusetts board of education.

The medical inspection of children in schools has been so beneficial, according to Mr. Martin, that "a community which has not provided through its proper authorities for a thorough-going inspection of its schools is guilty of criminal negligence." He points to the discovery that out of more than 400,000 children examined in Massachusetts 81,000 were found defective in vision and 22,000 in hearing, and to the results of other examinations as throwing much light on the subject of backward and perhaps delinquent children.

Concerning the immediate results of the examinations he writes:

"Then we consign the unfortunates to the care of the family physician, send them to the public dispensary or the public clinic, or send the school nurse to look after the cases in the home, and by these means we patch up a few. Some glasses are provided, some teeth cleaned and filled, some adenoids removed, and many children begin to know the joy of living."

"All this is good. It is worth many times what it has cost. But is it

enough? Have school people done all their duty when they have admitted the school physician and the school nurse to the sacred precincts of the schoolroom, when they have sent out the warning notices to the parents?

"Supposing that all defects have been discovered and remedied, so that school life goes on without its aches and pains. Must we go all over it next year and the next and forever? The Massachusetts law says that every child shall be examined annually for defects and disabilities. There is no statute of limitations. Is there any hope of limitation? Or is the social mill to go on grinding out diseased and enfeebled children by the thousands indefinitely?"

Dealing in the advance in personal and domestic hygiene, Mr. Martin records signs of hopeful progress. He finds "that the ignorance of the laws of health and conditions of health is less dense than it once was is undoubtedly true." The educational forces that have brought about this change are many—the medical profession, the press, discussion in women's clubs and the influence of the public schools. The teaching of physiology and hygiene in many schools he thinks is good.

"To-day the physicians, general and special, are more alive to the needs of the times than are the school people. No permanent results of the present agitation for better sanitary conditions, domestic and public, can be hoped for unless the schools co-operate with all the other agencies. The universal need is for the higher order of intelligence respecting the things that make for health, and the foundation of such intelligence must be laid in the schools."



Hardening of the Arteries.

"A man is as old as his arteries," was said some time ago by a French physician; and the saying, like so many others of the phrase-loving French, has a good deal of truth in it and not a little error.

There is many a man, old in years but young in spirit, whose arteries are like pipe-stems. So brittle do they seem, indeed, that the physician hardly dares feel the pulse, lest he crush the friable artery under his finger; yet these old people are active in mind and body, and seem often much younger than men of but two-thirds their years.

Again, one meets old and feeble folk whose lives seem to flicker dangerously, like a candle flame in a draft, whose arteries are as soft and compressible as those of a child.

In general, however, the saying is true, and especially in premature old age it will usually be found that the arteries are hard, with fibrous thickening, if not already more or less calcified. Hardening of the blood-vessels—arteriosclerosis is the accepted medical term—consists in a fibrous overgrowth of the walls of the arteries, usually following more or less degeneration of the normal tissues of the vessels. As to just how this comes about, physicians are not entirely agreed. It is probable that the change occurs first in the very minute vessels, those that run through the walls of the larger vessels supplying them with blood for their nourishment. When these are hardened by the deposit of fibrous tissue they carry less blood and carry it more slowly, and so the nutrition of the walls of the larger vessels is reduced. This leads to softening, and then Nature tries to repair the damage by the only new tissue at her hand—namely, fibrous tissue.

Later, these fibrous and thickened walls of the larger arteries may be hardened still more by a deposit of lime salts from the blood.

The arteriosclerosis so common in old age is the result of "wear and tear." An elastic tube dilated by hydraulic pressure and then contracting ten thousand times a day will have done much work by the end of seventy years. In younger life arteriosclerosis is most commonly caused by intemperance—not in drinking only, but in eating, especially meat-eating, without enough exercise to consume the excess of nutrient material. Overwork,

worry and chronic poisoning, such as lead-poisoning, are also factors.

The best thing for arteriosclerosis is not to get it, and the best way not to get it is to be moderate in everything. People growing old should be examined medically every six months, and then incipient arteriosclerosis may be detected and perhaps arrested by proper diet, drugs and regimen—Youth's Companion.

BAD PARROT A PRISONER.

Profane Bird Hauled Out of a Tree by a Policeman and Arrested.

Charged with resisting an officer, using profane language, being a disorderly person, causing a crowd to collect, trespassing on park lands prohibited by law, and being disrespectful to a policeman without cause, a parrot is a prisoner in the offices of the Essex County Park Commission in Newark waiting for its owner to square things with the authorities, according to the New York Times.

When Sergeant Wilson passed a tree in Branch Brook Park he noticed a crowd gathered around the foot of it. He hastened to the spot and was informed by a boy that some one was up in the branches "swearin' awful."

"Here, you, come down out of that," yelled Wilson. "You're violating the law."

"Oh, you bonehead! You hamfat!" came the answer from the new and thick foliage.

"I'll give you a minute to come down. Then I'll pull you down," said the angry sergeant.

"Robber! Help! Take him out! Bonehead! Strike one!" said the voice from the tree.

"He thinks he's at a baseball game," said one of the crowd.

"I'll go up and bring him down," said Sergeant Wilson, who was convinced by that time that he was dealing with a crazy baseball crank. The crowd admiringly watched him climb the tree, and looked at the commotion in the branches, there being sounds of deep breathing, imprecations, and struggles. In a few minutes the policeman reached earth somewhat ruffled, but triumphant, with an angry, profane parrot in his hands. The park commission is waiting for a man with an extensive baseball vernacular to lay claim to the bird.

Highly Esteemed.

"Do you think that most people nowadays worship money?"

"No; I won't go as far as that," answered the home grown philosopher, "but I will say that the love of money is seldom platonic."—Washington Herald.

The women regard it as nothing against a man if he has buried several wives, providing he keeps their graves looking trim.

Chicken-hearted people are always ready to hatch up an excuse.

The Pirate of Alastair

By
RUPERT SARGENT
HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

Copyright, 1908, by J. B. Lippincott Company. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

She walked away and leaned on the bulwark on the other side. "The water's getting quite deep."

I followed. "There's quite a rise of tide. It's nearly full, and then it will turn—in about an hour, I should say."

She looked at the little chateleine watch she wore, and gave a cry of dismay.

"But that will be 7 o'clock, and then dine at the club at that time, and my aunt will be worried half out of her poor old head."

"They dine too early; they miss the best part of the day."

She turned a trifle imperiously towards me. "Still, that is the hour, and I must be getting back. What answers to the problem have your frequent studies brought?"

"The first is to wait until the causeway is dry," I answered, avoiding her eyes and looking out to sea.

"But that is out of the question," she said, with the faint hint of a tapping foot upon the deck. The touch of authority made me stubborn.

"There's a fine view of the sunset from here, though not so fine as from the cliff beyond my house. You should see that some evening when you're not afraid of missing dinner."

She looked me over while I kept my face away, and I could feel the struggle whether resentment or amusement should have the upper hand. The latter finally won. "Please help me to get home, Mr. —," she began.

"Felix Selden," I supplied her, "though I'd much rather you stayed here, Miss —" and I in my turn hung questioning.

"Barbara Graham," she answered quite frankly. Then suddenly she laughed, and I was forced to join her. "Come, Mr. Pirate, now that are properly known to each other, and I have thanked you for your compliment, will you think of a way to save my poor aunt from nervous prostration? If you will, I promise some day to go without dinner and come to see the sunset from your cliff."

"It's a bargain," I said, and strode resolutely across the deck to the side where the causeway ran.

"But how? What are you doing to do?" came in surprised accents from Miss Graham.

I stopped and turned. "You will not wait for the tide, and you must not wet the slippers, so there's only one way left."

"And what is that?" she asked.

"For me to carry you ashore."

I happened to be looking at her, and her face went pink of a second, pink over the brown of the sun.

"But," she stammered, "I don't think that would do."

"It's the only alternative," I said, positively.

"Are you sure," she said, "that you are strong enough?"

I looked at her slender figure and laughed. "I have not lived out of doors for nothing," I answered. "I could carry you from here to the Shifting Shoal yonder without tiring."

Again came the infectious laugh, apparently at the thrill of the adventure, and I found it impossible to keep from joining her.

"But it's time I made the boast good," I answered, and, leaning towards her, picked her up in my arms, careful to keep the little slippers and her skirts clear of the waves.

"You must put your arms about my neck to keep the balance," I said, "or I'll not guarantee the consequences."

"Must I?" she said quite demurely, and did as I commanded.

Feeling my way cautiously, I started to cross the causeway. A false step and I should have slipped into the deeper water, so I went slowly, feeling for safe footing as I took each step. Once I glanced momentarily at the face which was so close to mine, but Miss Graham's eyes were fixed on the shore ahead, and would not look at me.

We reached the sand at the foot of the cliff and I put the girl down. She looked at her slippers.

"Splendidly done," she said. "Not a drop of water touched me. You're quite as strong as you said."

"Remember the cause," I answered.

"But you're frightfully wet," she objected, looking at my heavy riding breeches and leggings, which were soaked through. "You must run back to the cottage as fast as you can, to save yourself a cold."

"I must see you to the club first," I answered. "I know a short cut back of the cliff and through the woods."

"Hurry, then," she said. "I'll not have you catching cold on my account."

We scrambled up the headland and struck into the pine woods, I leading, she following close behind. We went along at a dog trot, and, although I often stopped to insure against her tiring, I found that she was a strong runner and wanted no rest. At last we came to a clearing just this side of the club entrance.

"I'll say good-by here," she said, "and spare you the sight of a civilization that

you dislike." She held out her hand.

Then I remembered our bargain. "You said that if I set you ashore you would come to see the sunset from my cliff. You haven't forgotten that?"

"No; but I must think out a way. They dine here at such a stupid hour. But I promise you that some afternoon you'll see me strolling down the beach, and then if there's a sunset I'll let you show it to me. You deserve that much, at least, for coming to my rescue."

She gave me her hand a second time, and turned into the grounds of the Penguin Club. I looked at my watch; she would be just in time for dinner.

I walked back through the woods and up the beach. The western sky was fairly ablaze with color. It seemed that a beacon flamed through the pines upon my cliff.

"Have you ever known such a beautiful afternoon, Charles?" I asked my man at supper.

"Never, Mr. Felix, never."

I was sitting so that I could look out of the window at the sea.

"It was unusually glorious, even for Alastair, wasn't it?" I pursued.

"Yes, sir, it certainly was, sir, even for Alastair, sir."

After supper I had my coffee on the balcony and sat there and smoked and wondered how long it had been since a petticoat had boarded the ship.

CHAPTER III.

The weather next morning was just right for a ride, and sending for my horse, I made a great circuit of the woods, coming back by the marshes about noon. As I galloped past the upper end of the lowlands I heard a voice calling to me, and, drawing rein, waited until the voice's owner appeared. This proved to be an extremely sunburned young man dressed in very loud tweeds. He carried a fishing-rod over his arm, and a fish-basket dangled from his shoulder.

"I say, do you know the country hereabouts?" he inquired. "I've lost my way, and I'm infernally hot and tired."

He looked at his lips were almost as mutinous as those of a spoiled child, and even the tilt of his soft felt had had a dejected air.

"Where do you want to go?" I asked in return. "The Penguin club lies about three miles off to the east."

"Yes, that's it," he said. "I'm a Penguinite, worse luck." He dropped the fishing-rod and tried to kick some of the mud from his boots. "I came out to get some fishing at 5 this morning, and not a bite have I had, nor a morsel of food tasted since. My legs ache at the thought of that three miles yet to go. Isn't there a farm-house somewhere near where I could get something to eat?"

The appeal in his eyes was so plaintive that I could not help smiling. Thereat he smiled back.

"It's a beastly pickle, isn't it?" he said. "The next time I'll arrange to have a man follow me with lunch."

It was only a quarter of a mile to my cottage. "Come along with me," I said. "I'll fix you up."

He grinned gratefully, and trudged along beside me until we came to the cottage. I called for Charles and sent him off with the horse. By the time he returned, my guest was feeling considerably better, having postponed famine by the aid of whisky and soda. He sat down to dinner with the air of a king come into his own. For a time he ate silently but strenuously, then he looked up at me.

"They don't give us such food at the club, no, sir-ee, and as for the wines, they can't compare with your claret. Funny to think of finding such things down here in the country, away of at the end of an empty beach. I didn't know there was a civilized man within fifty miles of here. Do you happen to come from New York?"

"Originally," I made answer. "But it was some time ago."

"Funny thing, New York," said my guest. "When I'm back there I think I'd like to be out in the open country, but as soon as I have my wish I'm crazy for the old burg. I've been down at the Penguin now for more than two weeks, and I don't suppose an hour of the day passes when I don't long for the scenery of Broadway. The worst time is at night. I can sit on the club porch and fairly hear the Elevated sizzle by. Sometimes it seems as if I really couldn't stand it any longer."

"Why do you?" I asked.

"There are reasons, good and sufficient reasons," he answered, with a slow smile. "Reasons for which I might be living in Kamchatka as well as anywhere else."

He looked at me intently for a few seconds, then lighted a cigarette.

"You're not inquisitive, are you? First rule to success in any business affair. However, there are certain facts you are entitled to have: my name is Rodney Islip, and I'm a broker, offices at 57 Wall Street, where I'd be glad to execute any orders for you at any time of year—though between you and me the present is a particularly bad time to invest in

anything, not even including British consols or government bonds. This recent French smash put lots of people out of business. You've heard of it, I suppose—the most outrageous swindle since Whitaker Wright."

"I read of it in the papers. It seems this man Etienne induced half the poor of Paris to trust their savings to him, and then played one company into the hands of another until the bubble burst—isn't that about it?"

The man in tweeds nodded. He threw back his head and blew a cloud of smoke in an upward spiral. "No little difference," said he, "between absolute triumph and absolute defeat. A jerk of the tinker may convert the greatest benefactor into the deepest villain. For Etienne—though I think that's only a pseudonym of his—is undoubtedly a villain when you think of the numberless lifetime savings he has swept away. Why will people trust a promoter? Haven't they all of history to judge by?"

"History teaches that people are always ready to be fooled," I answered. "However, I don't blame them. In a man's nerve was only big enough I'd follow him myself."

Islip looked at me with a merry twinkle.

"The solitary life makes you a philosopher," he said. "I envy you. I'm as restless as a hawk."

I smiled. "An uneasy conscience?"

"No; I'm no Etienne. I believe the only place for such men is under lock and key. But I hate to sit still and think—in my present condition."

He did not seem disposed to explain that position, and I would not press him.

After a time we adjourned to my balcony and sat there enjoying the day, carrying on a somewhat desultory conversation. I found that I liked this man; there was a frank camaraderie about him, an openness of face and spirit, that irresistibly appealed. He seemed the better sort of young New Yorker, thoroughly optimistic, always at his ease. I could see he had the knack of knowing how to dress; even his loose, baggy outing clothes set well upon him.

"Do you ever shoot at gulls?" he asked, noting the birds that wheeled continually in from sea and over the cliffs.

"No; it's bad luck to shoot them. In stormy weather, when sailors can't see their hands before their faces, they can hear the beating of gulls' wings and look out for hidden rocks. One comes to think a great deal of seafarers down this way."

"I dare say. It must be beastly work in a storm at sea."

"I often think that when I'm in bed on a bad night. The Shoal Light yonder keeps most of the ships away."

We smoked for a time in silence. "What a contrast," Islip said at length, "between this quiet beach and the folks at the club! I think I like this the better of the two, but I should want company."

"Many people over there now?" I asked.

"A goodish number."

"Who are they?" I inquired idly.

"Oh, the usual crowd of city magnates with their wives and families. James G. Purviance of Oil, with the Mrs. and two marriageable daughters. The Mrs. has her eyes on Colonel Follows, the man who judges the hackneys at all the shows. I think he'd rather stay single, but the nets are tightening, and Mrs. Purviance isn't going to let him slip. Then there's the Gregory family. The old man sits at the telephone most of the day, giving orders how to run his railroad, though he thinks he is off on a summer holiday; and the three girls and the boy cut capers on the golf-links, and get up theatricals in the evening. Then there are two very decent unattended bachelors, Philip Leroy and Arthur Savage—well, I suppose I might say three, because I'm a bachelor."

"Yes?" I asked in a tone that asked delicately for more.

"Oh, there's Mr. Divine of Rock Bottom Lead, and—let me see—there's a Miss Elizabeth Corey and her niece, Miss Graham, of New York."

I watched him out of the corner of my eye, but his tanned face was placidity itself.

"What are they like?" I asked.

"Very nice. Miss Corey is quite the grande dame, in a gentle way."

"And the niece?"

Now I detected a shift in Islip's position.

"Well, she's very nice, too, very nice. I knew her quite well in town." He broke off definitely.

I changed the subject. I didn't care very much about the rest of the guests at the club.

A little later Islip took up his fishing-rod and his empty basket, and we walked up the beach together. At the farther end I pointed him out his road home.

"May I drop in on you again if I'm in the neighborhood?" he asked as we said good-by.

"I wish you would. Next time I'll put you on to a place where you'll get all the fish your basket will hold. I've a little place of my own."

"Thanks. I know you don't care for the club, or I'd ask you up to dinner. If I get word of a sudden break in the market, I'll let you hear."

It was plain that he couldn't keep his thoughts long from Wall Street. I smiled at the apparent incongruity of his words there on the beach, then I watched him climb the rocks and disappear. It was pleasant to have company, I considered, but for some reason I found the ship, when I climbed on board to try my paints, rather lonely. I was not used to having two visitors in as many days.

(To be continued.)

The Proper Thing.

Myer—In writing to the secretary of the navy, would it be proper to address him as "your excellency?"

Guyer—No. "Your warship" would be more appropriate.

THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

RICHARD BUSHELL, JR., Editor and Proprietor

Published at Wrangell, Alaska, every Thursday Afternoon

\$2.50 per year in advance, otherwise \$3.00 Foreign Countries 50c extra

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

It seems to this paper that the business men of Wrangell, shrewd though they are as a rule, are missing a golden opportunity in not getting together, organizing a stock company and building a suitable vessel for the Stikine River trade.

A very low estimate would figure out that every year there is passengers and freight business enough to bring the total gross income for carrying the same to from ten to twelve thousand dollars per year. On several different occasions The Sentinel's editor has heard it stated that the Hudsons Bay Company would be more than willing to turn over the business of river transportation to some local concern, for a number of years at least. Just how true this is it were hard to say without getting the information at first hand.

There is every likelihood though this is true especially while the demand for steamers on the British Columbia rivers continues so strong owing to the immense amount of railroad construction, under way or contemplated.

There is of course considerable room for argument as to what stamp of a vessel were the best for the business, whether it be powered with a gasoline engine, or driven by steam, but these are minor matters. The point for us to consider is whether or not it is possible to raise cash enough here in Wrangell to start the ball rolling. The construction work could all be done right here at home by town people, and the cost of building the boat thus kept here.

The hunting season on the British side of the line, doesn't open until the first of September, and the river steamer according to her present schedule makes her last

trip out of here early in August. As a result, several of the big game hunters who had been figuring on coming this way, may be compelled to forego the trip, and the town will have that much less business. The remedy for future years at least is in our own hands. Let us have a boat whose home port is Wrangell, built by Wrangell people, manned by Wrangell people, and plugging for Wrangell and her people; and every man, woman and child in Wrangell will feel the benefit of it.

The law recently passed by Congress under which the district attorneys of Alaska are prohibited from practicing law, but at the same time allows the subordinates in the office the privilege which is denied the chief, is about as practicable as the mining inspection law, which was proposed, but did not pass, at the last session of Congress. This bill provided one mining inspector for the whole of the territory of Alaska, with a head office at Juneau, and he was instructed to immediately make a personal investigation of the grounds upon which accidents occurred. It is, perhaps, needless to remark, that the bill did not furnish the inspector with a flying machine or other device with which he might fly from Juneau to Candle Creek or to the head of the Koyukuk in time to secure an ante-mortem statement, or to take notes on the condition of the ground "immediately after the accident."—Nome Nugget.

When I cash in, and this poor race is run, my chores performed, and all my errands done, I know that folks who mock my efforts here, weeping, will bend above my lonely bier, and bring large garlands worth three bucks a throw, and paw the ground in ecstasy of woe. And

friends will wear crepe bowknots on their ties when I look down (or up) a million miles, and wonder why those people never knew how smooth I was until my spirit flew. When I cash in, I do not care a yen, for all the praises heaped upon me then; serene and silent, in my handsome box, I shall not heed the laudatory talks, and all the pomp and all the vain display, will just be pomp and feathers throw away. So tell me NOW, while I am on the earth, your estimate of my surprising worth; O tell me what a loo-loo bird I am, and fill me full of taffy and of jam!—Walt Mason.

It is perhaps fortunate that the majority of the "City Dads" are not as ample at the waist line as we have been lead to believe was the correct style for aldermen, otherwise that every-other-day trip up to the reservoir site and proposed dam, might make them think d— of another kind.

The Skagway Alaskan in a recent issue tells of the organizing there of the grand lodge of the Alaskan Knights of the Grip. Following are the officers: Dave Studler, big peddler; Sammy Guyot, little peddler; Frank Davis, bull peddler; Bill Gilmour, inside peddler; Ben Delzelle, outside peddler. On account of Ben U. Slyster's being such a favorite with the fair sex, he was elected to the position of G. R. I. P. (Grand Renowned Industrious Peddler).

Skagway, after its exciting and varied experiences in the past, now bases all its claims for greatness on the "boast of having the first and finest summer resort in Alaska which for beauty excells the Tyrol and Switzerland, says the Douglas News.

A beer famine is reported at Fair banks, and in the summer time, too.

Subscribe for the Sentinel.

Everything New, Clean and First Class

Electric Light and Steam Heat Throughout

Well Lighted Sample Rooms for Traveling Men

WRANGELL HOTEL

JOHN G. GRANT
PROPRIETOR

FIRST-CLASS BAR AND DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION

Pool, Card
And Billiard Tables

Courteous
Treatment Always Assured

The Hudsons Bay Company's River Steamer

PORT SIMPSON

with fine passenger accommodation including bathroom and all the luxuries known to travel, will ply on the Stikine River between Wrangell and Telegraph Creek, B. C. from July 1st to August 12th. For rates and sailing dates apply to

PERCY PATMORE - - - PURSER

DRINK

Rainier Beer

There's New Vigor and
Strength in Every Drop

Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906,
Serial No. 9772

Seattle Brewing & Malting Co.
SEATTLE, U. S. A.

The Wrangell Meat Market

C. M. COULTER, Proprietor

FRESH and SALT MEATS, POULTRY and GAME
POULTRY and GAME

SHIPPING SUPPLIED AT LOWEST RATES

"Just Weights and Fair Dealing" Shall Be My Motto

Wrangell Electric Light & Power Co.

Will supply you with

LIGHTS

ELECTRIC FIXTURES, LAMPS, SHADES, WIRE, SWITCHES,
LAMP ADJUSTERS and BATTERIES

Why not try some of our NEW LAMPS in your home?
We are local agents for PALMER BROS. engines

GIVE US A TRIAL

Palmer Bros.

Proprietors

THE WRANGELL SAWMILL

Manufacturers of all kinds of

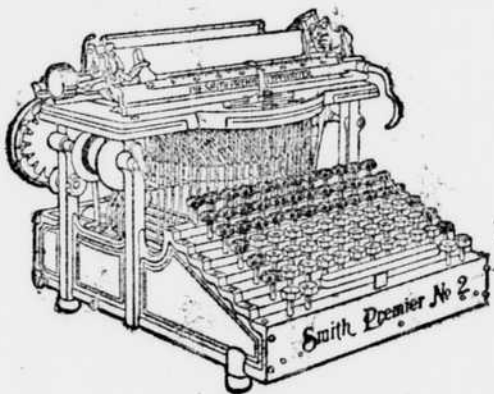
Spruce and Cedar Lumber; Ceiling, Flooring, Rustic
Finishing, Boat Lumber, Salmon Boxes, etc.
Special Attention to Building and Mining Timber

This Sawmill is prepared to make prompt delivery of
Lumber in any quantity to any point in Southeastern
Alaska. Parties Intending to use Lumber in quantity
will do well to apply for prices before going elsewhere

Willson & Sylvester Estate

WRANGELL

ALASKA



SMITH PREMIER

Typewriter Absolutely the

Best on Earth

Valuable Packages

Are not safe shipped by freight, the possibility of loss or breakage owing to careless handling is too great.

Express Them

They will then arrive in First Class condition and you will be saved the trouble of passing them through the Customs house, and besides, the cost is the same or less for small consignments.

L. R. MILLIGAN, Agent
ALASKA PACIFIC EXPRESS

Fresh Milk

The kind that nice rich CREAM rises on is what you need. I can supply you with it in any quantity. Try some.

F. E. SMITH

PHOTOGRAPHS

Developing Plates or Films for Amateurs, Also Printing, etc. A Fine Collection of Alaskan Views always on hand for the Trade. Address

J. E. WORDEN, Wrangell

S. C. SHURICK, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
CALLS ATTENDED DAY OR NIGHT
OFFICE, REAR OF DRUG STORE
WRANGELL - ALASKA

C. A. EMERY, D. D. S.

DENTISTRY PRACTICED IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
Office in Patenaude Building
Hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 5
Other hours by Appointment
WRANGELL - ALASKA

Stickine Tribe Number 5
Imp. O. R. M.

Meets Tuesday evening of each week at Red Men's Hall, Wrangell, Alaska. Sojourning chiefs always welcomed.

Ole Johnson, Sachem.
A. V. R. Snyder, C. of R.

PATENAUDE

carries a fine line of
SMOKERS' ARTICLES

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL

READ THE
Sentinel

Here And There In The North

Future of the North

Now that the United States government has become apprized of the fact that the greater part of the unappropriated lands of the republic has been taken up by settlers, they will perhaps exercise a little greater care in opening up land to entry. At the rate which has prevailed in the past, all of the fertile land would be appropriated within twenty-five years. Even of the acreage still remaining, a large proportion of it is situated on mountain tops and other inaccessible places.

It is rather gratifying to Alaskans to know that one-half of the available land left in the United States is situated in the territory where they have made their homes, that a large amount of it is covered with timber, which after lumbering can be converted into good agricultural land. The statement was made on the floor of the House of Representatives that the valleys of the big rivers in Alaska are capable of supporting a population of 300,000 people engaged in agricultural pursuits. This may have been an exaggeration, but those who have penetrated the wilderness know that in some places wild grasses and native fruits and berries grow in almost unbelievable profusion. It is natural to suppose that where wild plants will thrive, hardy cultivated varieties will do as well, if not better. Just at the present time almost everybody in Alaska is engaged in searching for mineral, but perhaps the day will come when they will turn their attention from mining to farming.—Ex.

Why Is It?

Did you ever notice what a difference it makes in some men when their wives take a little trip out of town? For instance when the big excursion boats were in port Monday, we noticed quite a bunch of tourists of the feminine persuasion standing in front of the St. Michaels, over we went to see what the cause of the commotion was, and discovered one of the efficient operating force of that concern, (we don't intend to mention any names but it wasn't the Hon. Mayor, nor Leo, nor Johnnie Schuler) handing out such winning smiles with the mioccasins he was selling, that the

ladies simply had to stop. The next day we made the discovery Mrs. Milligan was a passenger on the City of Seattle, making the round trip to Sitka.

It is whispered that "Mike" (of course that isn't his name, but it'll do as a disguise) is planning all kinds of fancy stunts in the near future—his wife is leaving for the south on an early boat. It does beat all how "when the cat's away the mice will play," or words to that effect.

Fortunately for The Sentinel's editor, he is the editor, and so can keep his eye on the copy, and thus see to it that nobody "smouches" into the paper any account of his actions during this stage of his "grass widowhood." You see there's some mighty good features in being the "whole squeeze" on the paper after all. By the way, our rate for printing any old kind of a notice in this paper is five cents per line, while the price for keeping anything out can be discovered upon application at the business office. How's that for a gentle hint?

After having been treated to a new coat of paint, the Alaska is tied up to the buoy again.

Patenaude was in receipt recently of the finest bunch of fishing tackle that ever was seen in Wrangell. You'll do well to call on him if you need anything of the kind.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF MINING PROPERTY

In the United States Commissioner's Court, Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska, in Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Henry Siemer, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court for Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska, made and entered on the 1st day of July, A. D. 1909, directing me to sell the hereinafter described property belonging to the estate of Henry Siemer, deceased, the undersigned administrator will proceed to sell at public sale, subject to confirmation by the Probate Court, at the Court house door at Wrangell, Alaska, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., on Saturday, the 7th day of August, 1909, the following property belonging to the said deceased at the time of his death: A one-ninth interest in and to the Glacier Basin Mining Group of Mining Claims, situated on the Main land in the Wrangell Recording District, District of Alaska, and composed of the following claims: Senator, Josephine, President, Independence, Monarch, Admiral, Lion, Eagle, Gypsy Queen, Democrat, Republic and Bryan. Terms—Cash.

Dated this 8th day of July, 1909.

PETER C. JENSEN,

Administrator of the estate of Henry Siemer, deceased.

First publication, July 8, 1909.
Last publication, August 5, 1909.

Thlinget Trading Company

Dealers in

General Merchandise

Groceries, Confectionery, Fresh Fruit, Hardware, Paints and Oils, wall Paper, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Men's and Boys' Clothing, Ladies' and Misses' wear, Furnishings Skirts, Corsets, Dry Goods, Etc.

Wrangell, Alaska

THE WRANGELL SHINGLE CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF FIRST-CLASS

Cedar Shingles

Buy at Home, Save Freight and Time

THE BREWERY SALOON And Billiard Hall

BRUNO GREIF, Prop.

FINEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

First Class House in Every Particular

WRANGELL - - - ALASKA

THE MINT POOL and BILLIARD HALL

Soft Drinks of all kinds

C. D. DENNY
PROPRIETOR

SHIP YOUR

RAW FURS

TO THE

McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.

200-212 First Avenue North

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Alaska Furs a specialty. Very top prices paid. Quick cash returns. Shipments held until returns approved, when requested. Make trial shipment. Convince Yourself. WRITE FOR CIRCULARS

Look for the RED BALL on the SHELL BOX



UMC
NITRO CLUB
SHOT SHELLS
THEY WIN AT THE TRAP SHOOT

They won the Grand American Handicap of 1907, which was the greatest honor among the world's expert shooters. The steel lining protects the smokeless powder and your gun and face. They have the famous 33 primer and are perfect from primer to crimp. Look for the red ball trade mark on the box.

Game Laws of U. S. and Canada Free.
THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., Bridgeport, Conn.
Agency, 313 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

A DEPARTMENT for WOMEN

Don't Narrow Your Life.

A woman said: "I'm getting so I just hate to meet strangers. I would rather walk around the block a dozen times than meet some one whom I would have to talk to for half an hour. I like my family and friends, but I don't want any outsiders about." She was only about 30, but she was acquiring an earmark of age. And that is unwise for any one, and particularly the woman of business. No one can afford to give all her time even to friends. And to fritter it away on casual acquaintances is deplorable. Time is the gold that is given us freely. But on the other hand, it is unwise to shut oneself away entirely from making new acquaintances, to live so content with one's present circle of friends that no message from other worlds can reach you. The woman who does this is going to narrow her life. Whether she is the mother of a family, a business woman or a young girl just facing the world, she will shut out interests that may mean help, inspiration, happiness. Every life is a little world, and you do not know what message may come to you from the stranger you welcome to your gates.

One grows or stagnates. Stagnation is not good for any one. To be in touch with the progress of the world one must keep in touch with the life that makes it progress, and every man and woman plays some part in this. If there is the least inclination to do this, the tendency is apt to grow on one until it becomes a fixed habit. It may come in the beginning from inertia, from morbidness. Whatever the cause, if you find you are facing in that direction pause awhile and see if you want the narrow, isolated, few-interests life to which it will surely lead you. The fuller the life with human kindly interests the happier. Few have such resources within themselves that all the riches of this wonderful life is theirs in their own experience.

Handsome Luncheon Gown



Here's a magnificent creation of coral crepe cut en princesse, with long train. As sketch indicates, there is a long, sleeveless coat of heavy Russian lace, trimmed with covered buttons down the sides in groups of three. The square yoke and stock of white Irish crochet lace is the only decoration other than the handsome coat. The artistic finish to this gorgeous costume is a huge peach basket chapeau of soft purple straw, adorned with two immense cabbage roses, in lovely shades of coral harmonizing with the gown. It is faced with coral satin and strings of brown velvet ribbon fall gracefully over right shoulder.

To Rest and Not Sleep.

Few women know how to rest properly without sleeping. The average woman when she has a few moments to rest will sit in a rocking chair and rock vigorously. Nothing shatters the nerves more than this habit, which seems chronic with the American woman. To rest so as to obtain the most

HANDSOME DINNER GOWN.



One of the handsomest gowns seen this season is here pictured. The illustration shows the design of the decollete bodice, which was made almost entirely of braided brown silk net—the stole ends and slashed sleeves edged with a narrow band of fancy brown silk soutache braid. The V front of mauve satin matched the satin foundation of whole gown, and the flat collar was brown mirror velvet. The long sleeves were of tucked chiffon matching that used in front of bodice. The net skirt, cut in tunic effect, was also elaborately braided at bottom.

benefit when you have no couch and but a little time to spare, loosen collar and anything else which is tight if possible. Then select a comfortable chair and lie back and put the feet on a comfortable footstool. Do not sleep, read or think. Let your mind be as near perfect blankness as is possible. After a little practice one really can achieve a blank mind. After half an hour of complete relaxation of all the nerves one feels rested.

The Spring-Cleaning Mania.

There is a lingering fallacy in the minds of many folk that if you are a woman—moreover, a woman blessed or cursed as the case may be with the care of a household, it is your bounden duty in the spring of the year to evince nothing short of a passion for spring cleaning. For a love of spring cleaning is one of the essential foundations of that fabric of deceit and dissimulation that goes toward the making of a womanly woman. For there is only one way to achieve a reputation for being truly womanly, and that is to be—or else pretend to be—given over heart and soul to the care of all those little details of everyday exercise that make for domesticity. This is the theory that still rules the world, even in these enlightened days, when women are clamoring loud and long for more than ever they'll get in every walk of life. Consequently the majority of mankind still clings to the belief that the great upheaval of their household gods, sacred to this season of the year, provides or should provide every properly constituted daughter of Eve with absorbing interest and undiluted pleasure. And who is to prove that the majority is mistaken? At any rate, its opinion is too strong to be ignored.

Fads and Fancies in Dress

Heels are higher on the street shoes. Long lace veils will be used to drape the hats.

Buttons grow larger and dressier day by day. Among the new lingerie are the princess chemises.

Loose lace coats to wear over muslin robes will be stylish.

For trimming the lingerie frocks Irish crochet takes the lead.

Figured serge and figured tussore are both exceedingly popular.

The separate coat will have a

greater vogue this summer than it has for years.

It seems that Irish crochet is to be the popular lace of the year.

Many of the attractive trimmings show a touch of gold or silver.

Some of the new lingerie have slight touches of colored embroidery.

Boy's Suit of Linen.



Built on very similar lines to the popular Russian blouse is a trig little suit of brown linen, the sailor collar trimmed with band of white braid and finished with a tie of black satin. The belt is white patent leather.

Milk to Extinguish Flame.

Did you ever try extinguishing a flame from a coal oil lamp with milk? It is much better than water if it happens to be on hand, as it mixes with the oil and puts out the flame quickly.

Sandpaper Worn Collars.

Old collars and cuffs that have become worn on the edges from wear and laundering can be used again by sandpapering the edges of same with a fine piece of sandpaper.

Cleaning Kid Slippers.

To clean delicate colored kid slippers or baby's kid shoes use sweet milk and white soap by wetting a cloth first in the milk and then rubbing the soap to form a lather.

Chinese Marriage Reform.

There is a growing desire on the part of the young of both sexes in China to choose their own mates, instead of having parents choosing them for them.

To Brighten Carpets.

After washing your carpets well put about a teaspoonful of beef gall in a tub of rinsing water and it will brighten and perfume your carpet.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Water for the Bees.

Give the bees plenty of water. They need a great deal and will fly a long distance to get it.

If there is no running stream or lake of pure water near it is well to place a pail of fresh water near the apiary every day.

Bees use water to dilute the heavy, thick honey left over from winter to make it suitable for the young larvae and also to make the cell wax pilable.

Bees should be protected from the wind on the north and west by a close-set hedge or high fence.

All the weeds should be kept down in front of the hives. Mow a plot 6 feet wide and then cut the weeds and grass close to the ground with a hoe.

An hour once a week spent on the care of the bees will bring larger returns for the effort than any other labor on the farm.

A newspaper man in Chicago, who lives a few miles out in the country, last year sold \$225 worth of honey to three big hotels. He says he did not spend more than an hour a week looking after his bees during the season. —F. and D. Journal.

Feed for Chickens.

Feed chickens the first day or two upon a mixture of bread crumbs grated fine and hard-boiled egg chopped fine. Keep water before them in a small fountain, so they can drink but not get into it. In a few days feed upon rolled oats, finely cracked corn and any small seeds. Add a

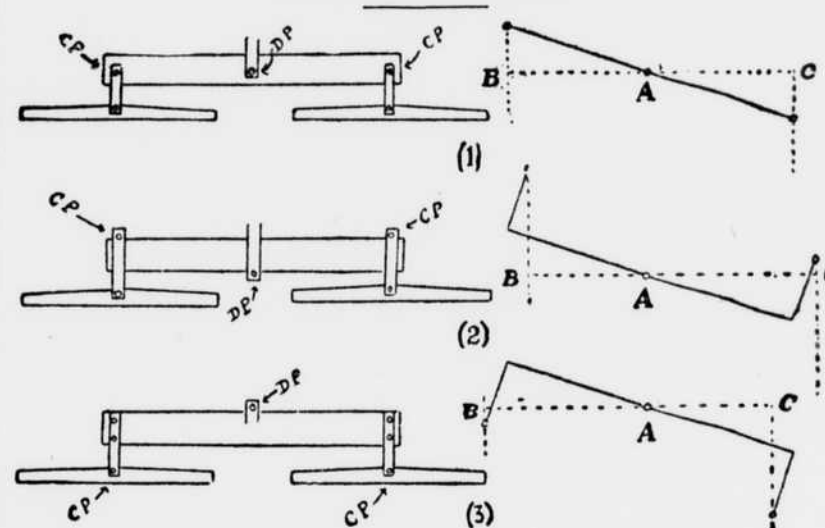
Alfalfa Planting.

It should not be forgotten that the spring is the proper time to prepare the alfalfa crop that is to be planted next fall. The ground which is expected to be used for this crop should not be planted to small grain; neither should corn precede alfalfa, because the ground will not be kept free of weeds and grass. The best preparatory crop for alfalfa is cow peas; then after the vines are removed or plowed under the ground should be well broken and kept clean of weeds and grass by surface cultivation until it is seeded in alfalfa the following fall. Peanuts may be grown instead of cow peas, if the crop is considered more desirable, as it is perhaps, but they must be kept well cultivated and especially allow no earth grass to grow in the crop. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Value of a Small Stream.

An interesting example of the value of a small stream for light and power purposes may be found near Sacramento, Cal. A trout stream has been dammed up and the power in the form of electricity has been used for doing such light work as washing and ironing, also for cooking and lighting in the home of the owner. As the stream

DRAFT ON DOUBLETREE.



There is a difference of opinion regarding the pulling ability of each horse in a team. Some are of the opinion that the horse ahead is pulling the most, and vice versa.

The draft on each horse depends entirely on the relative lengths of the lever arms, and the lengths of the lever arms depend on the position of the clevis pins with respect to the draw pin. In upper diagram (1) the clevis pins and the draw pin are in a straight line, hence the lever arm is the perpendicular distance from the draw pin (A) to the line of draft of each horse. The lever arms in this case are A. B. and A. C., which are equal, no matter how much one horse is ahead of the other. One horse always pulls the same amount as the other.

In diagram (2) the clevis pins are behind the draw pin, and when one horse pulls ahead of the other his lever arm (A. C.) becomes longer and (A. B.) the lever arm of the one behind becomes shorter. In this case the horse ahead, having a large lever arm, has the advantage and pulls less than the one behind.

In diagram (3) the clevis pins are ahead of the draw pin, and when one horse pulls ahead his lever arm shortens and the lever arm of the one behind lengthens. The horse ahead, having the lever arm shorter, pulls more than the horse behind.

Little beef scraps to the food. In the course of two weeks whole wheat can be given. This is the dry method of feeding, which is coming into vogue quite extensively. Here is another method of feeding: Mix dry two parts of corn meal, one part of finely ground wheat bran and one part of beef scraps. After they are thoroughly mixed add boiling water in sufficient quantity to make a stiff dough. Cover the vessel and let it cook. Feed the dough warm or cold, but never hot. —Denver Field and Farm.

Raising Pigs.

The cheapest way to put gains on young pigs is through the sow. She has a strong digestion and can turn coarse grains and pasture into easily digested milk. Careful experiments show that a pound of weight taken from the sow will make more than 1 pound of gain on the pigs, the flesh of the young animals containing more water. The sow should be fed to produce a high milk yield, and the pigs should be kept with her until they get to eating a full feed of grain and pasture.

Cow Peas for Vineyards.

Cow peas are a good crop for vineyards. The grapes are given thorough cultivation until late June, when the cow peas are sown. Before this practice was begun, says the Farmers and Drovers' Journal, it was a problem to hold the soil about the roots of the vines. After cropping with cow peas

is very small during the dry months, an old miner's ditch has been dammed to form a reservoir of 100,000 cubic feet capacity. The plant cost \$1,500 and in a single year has done \$700 worth of work.

Portable Canning Machine.

A machine by which the farmer can prepare and can his fruits, tomatoes, corn, beans, or any other farm produce which can be canned, in the fields or orchards in which the vegetable or fruit is growing, is described in Popular Mechanics. Mounted on a wheelbarrow arrangement, the machine can be pushed from one orchard to another or from a tomato patch to a cornfield as necessity requires. Water for the process is heated by a kerosene burner.

How to Set Fence Posts.

Any timber will last quite well if set in this way: Dig a square hole about a foot deep, throwing the dirt well back. Sharpen the post and drive well into the bottom, then put a flat stone against each side and a chunk against the post, the boards holding it the other way. This prevents their rotting off at the surface of the ground as they always do.

Value of Quality.

Extra large specimens of vegetables are all right for exhibition purposes and to win prizes with, but they are not what the average consumer wants and is willing to pay freight on. Quality, uniformity of size and smoothness are what the average man wants.

Headache

"My father has been a sufferer from sick headache for the last twenty-five years and never found any relief until he began taking your Cascarets. Since he has begun taking Cascarets he has never had the headache. They have entirely cured him. Cascarets do what you recommend them to do. I will give you the privilege of using his name."—E. M. Dickson, 1120 Resiner St., W. Indianapolis, Ind.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Only \$1.15



Cross panel doors for painting, only \$1.15 per door.

Don't buy a window or door anywhere until you get our great free catalog in which we name prices on hundreds of different articles we manufacture. We have only one price, sell anywhere, ship anywhere.

O. B. Williams Co.

1010 Western Ave.
Seattle, Washington

DAISY FLY KILLER



placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Can not soil or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Of all dealers, or sent prepaid for 20 cents.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., B'klyn., N. Y.

SEATTLE invites you to the A.-Y.-P. Exposition We invite you to stop at the

PRINCE RUPERT

A comfortable, convenient family hotel a half block from all car lines. Rates 75c a day and up. Write and engage accommodations in advance.

KODAKS

From \$1.00 to \$100.00. Some second-hand machines at bargain prices. Write us for Kodak booklet G.

C. W. PARKER & CO.

111 Columbia Street SEATTLE

Water Wells

We drill wells any size and any depth. Write for information if interested.

PACIFIC WELL DRILLER CO.

Box 1472, Seattle, Washington

HIGH GRADE POST CARDS

at the rate of
7 FOR 5c

Send us 25c in stamps and we will mail you, postpaid, 35 beautifully colored official A. Y. P. Exposition Post Cards. These sell regularly at 2 for 5c, but as we expect that you will mail some to your friends, helping thereby to advertise our great Fair, we make this unusual offer.

THE NOVELTY POST CARD & STATIONERY CO.

516 Pacific Block, Seattle, Wash.

Holy Names Academy and Normal School.



CAPITOL HILL, SEATTLE, WASH. Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. Address Sister Superior, 21st Ave & Roy Street, Capitol Hill, Seattle.

S. N. U. No. 28-1909

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

It does not cost much to treat a boy as if he amounts to something. It is not an expensive matter to be civil and polite toward the future citizen of the republic. He may be awkward and his garments may be soiled; he may even be noisy and hilarious at times, but he has a heart in him. It is well to remember as we pass along that kindly consideration, a just appreciation and a dignified recognition of the boy, not only for what he is, but what he is to become, will save bitter tears in the future and guarantee good citizenship and congenial home surroundings when he takes the place at the head of the household. The notion that anything is good enough for a boy while the girl is given all kinds of care and attention is all wrong.

With a courage equal to that of Columbus, two seven-year-old lads set sail from Boston the other day to join Roosevelt in Africa. They had built a raft of railroad ties and provisioned it for the long voyage. Besides several cans of tomatoes and condensed milk, three loaves of bread, a pound of Bologna sausage and a lot of crackers, they had two fishing rods, a lantern and an oil stove. They expected to catch all the fish they could eat, no matter how long they might be on the water, for do not fish grow in the sea? Not the least important article in their equipment was a log book, in which they planned to write a record of their adventurous voyage. Of course they were picked up by fishermen before they got to the mouth of the harbor, but this interference with their plans did not lessen the audacity of their undertaking. The discoverer of America knew little more of what was before him than did these small boys, and his contemporaries thought him as rash as every one knows the boys were in the light of mature judgment. Yet these boys, foolish as they were, had the spirit which accomplishes great things. They dared the perils ahead, seeing only the goal.

A CURE FOR FITS

The Treatment Is to Accomplish What Science Has Been Struggling to Attain for Centuries

The intense interest that has been manifested throughout the country by the wonderful cures that are being accomplished daily by epileptics, still continues. It is really surprising the vast number of people who have already been cured of this and nervousness. In order that everybody may have a chance to test the medicine, large trial bottles, valuable literature, History of Epilepsy and testimonials, will be sent by mail absolutely free to all who write to the Dr. May Laboratory, 648 Pearl Street, New York City.

Bean Roll.

Cook fresh-shelled lima beans in boiling water until tender; press through a sieve, add salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of butter to each pint of pulp. Stir in two well-beaten eggs and bread crumbs enough to make a mixture thick enough to roll. Wrap in greased paper and at serving time bake in quick oven for twenty minutes. Serve with tomato sauce.

Trade Terms.

"How much," began the lady to Baxter, in temporary charge of the coal yard, "how much is stove coal now?"

"That depends," said Baxter, with whom language is often a vehicle of confusion. "A la carte, it's seven and a half. Cur-de-sac, it's cost you fifty cents extra."

Cream Salad Dressing.

Put into a saucepan the beaten yolks of two eggs a tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-third of a cup of milk, pepper to taste, one-third teaspoonful of dry mustard, and one-third cup of vinegar. Boil, stirring steadily, until as thick as rich cream. Serve very cold.

Quick as Wink

If your eyes ache with a smarting, burning sensation and dizziness, use PETTIT'S EYE SALVE. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buaflo, N. Y.

When a man comes home and finds that his bath robe is carefully wrapped around the legs of the piano, he knows without asking that the paper hangers are expected.

Better than gold—Like it in color—Hamlin's Wizard Oil—the best of all remedies for rheumatism, neuralgia and all pain, soreness and inflammation.

"The light of other days" is not good enough for King Edward, and at considerable expense he is having electric illumination provided for Windsor Castle.

In the opinion of the public job holder the republic is a failure that does not make it reasonably certain that he may hold on forever.

The courts have decided that it is not libel for a newspaper to declare that a political candidate is "unfit for office." From some newspapers it's a compliment.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The Queen of Roumania has written thirty volumes.

The reclamation service of the United States has already committed itself to irrigation projects which will involve a total cost of \$90,000,000.

The number of automobiles registered in London is nearly 35,000.

Taking the average for the world, there is one newspaper for 82,000 inhabitants.

Traffic between the eastern and western coasts of the United States by way of isthmus railways and steamship lines amounted to \$40,000,000 in value in 1908, a marked increase over any earlier year.

The most illiterate country of Europe is Roumania. Two-thirds of the population can neither read nor write.

The recently discovered eighth satellite of Jupiter has been successfully photographed at Greenwich observatory.

At the funeral of Fred Cavalla, a London costermonger, the open hearse was drawn by six horses. One of the leading horses was ridden by a postilion dressed in black, while four bearers carrying white wands walked beside the hearse.

Canada, Denmark, France, Germany, England, Russia, Sweden and the United States were, in 1908, represented among the twelve expeditions which were struggling toward the pole. Eight leaders were veterans—Peary and Cook of the United States, Bernier of Canada, Erichsen and Rasmussen of Denmark, Charcot of France, Shackleton of England, and Geer of Sweden.

Mrs. A. A. Anderson, of Greenwich, Conn., has given \$5,000 toward a parish building to be devoted to the social and educational purposes of the deaf and dumb. The house is to be three stories in height and to contain rooms for entertainment, handicraft and physical training. The entire cost of the building and its equipment as now planned will be \$30,000, and Mrs. Anderson has promised to double her gift if the balance is raised during the present year.

In the course of a report on the disinfection of school rooms W. H. Marsh, an English science teacher, asserts that tests made of samples of school room dust showed the number of micro-organisms therein to be from 50,000,000 to 80,000,000 an ounce. On some days as much as one and one-quarter pounds of dust was swept from a room 400 square feet in area, which, on the basis of the figures quoted, would yield from 1,000,000,000 to 1,600,000,000 micro-organisms.

One of the most famous bells in the world is the first great bell of Moscow, which now stands in the middle of a square in that city and is used as a chapel. This bell was cast in 1733, but was in the earth for over a hundred years, being raised in 1836 by the Emperor Nicholas. It is nearly twenty feet high, has a circumference of sixty feet, is two feet thick, and weighs almost 200 tons. The second Moscow bell, which is the largest bell in the world that is actually in use, weighs 128 tons.

A rabbit hears a man and a dog coming and goes bounding away for safety. The dog strikes the scent, smells around briefly, and then is off in the direction the rabbit has taken. The wonder is not that the dog should strike the scent, but this: Each of the several spots the rabbit touched was touched by him within a fraction of a second of one another; yet so accurate is the sense of smell of the dog that he can tell which was touched last, and so get the direction of the rabbit's course.—New York Press.

Mrs. Fannie Friedman, who died the other day in New York, was said to have just passed her 112th birthday. She was born in Hungary, married before she was 21 and had thirteen children. At the time of her death she had five children, fifty-nine grandchildren and eighteen great-grandchildren. Up to the day of her death she was active, both in body and mind and took pride in the fact that she had never had a doctor in her life. Her rule for good health was: "Don't worry, take things easy, sleep ten hours a day and eat five meals."

Philadelphia is up in arms, as never before, over the action of its traction monopoly in abolishing its six-for-a-quarter rate and establishing a straight 5-cent fare. "Here's where I get one pair of shoes and one hat less every year than I used to," observed the plain citizen, as he passed over his 5-cent fare, says the Record. "It doesn't seem like much to pay 30 cents, instead of 25, for six fares, but I've figured it up, and I find I'll have to do without some things to make it pay. I ride on an average four times a day. That's 1,460 times a year. Under the six-for-a-quarter rate, I rode for \$60.83. Now I shall have to pay \$73, or over \$12 more. Why, that'll buy two pairs of shoes and a hat."

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments, and endanger the health of children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

CRESCENT

BAKING POWDER

A pure phosphate baking powder that does all that the high priced baking powders will do and does it better. It raises the dough and makes lighter, sweeter and better risen foods. Sold by grocers 25c per pound. If you will send us your name and address, we will send you a book on health and baking powder.

CRESCENT MFG. CO. Seattle, Wn.



SAVE MONEY AND AVOID PAIN

Let me pay your way to the Alaska Yukon Expedition. A dental war is on in Seattle. I am fighting the State Dental combine, and my prices are reduced from twenty-five to forty percent. Examinations are free, painless extraction free. A full set of teeth from five dollars up; gold crowns four dollars, porcelain crowns \$2.50. Stand \$6; bridge work four dollars per tooth; gold inlay fillings and all other work at half the price charged by other first class dentists. I do the same work done by other high class dentists for half the price charged by the combine association dentists. 15 years in practice. EDWIN J. BROWN, 713 First Ave., Seattle

Reno, the prettiest spot in Nevada, is now seeking fame as a home for a large and growing divorce colony.

A Chicago man ate three pieces of mince pie and then shot his wife, but there is nothing to show that his wife made the pie.

FITS St. Vitas' Dance and Nervous Diseases Permanently Cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Creamed Chicken.

Boil a four-pound chicken until tender. When cold remove the skin and cut the meat into dice. Put two table-spoonfuls of butter and two of flour into a chafing dish and stir in one pint of sweet milk. Stir until the sauce thickens, then add the chicken, a level teaspoonful of salt and a salt-spoonful of pepper. Serve on squares of buttered toast.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

A Sure Sign.

"What is the sign when a man parts his hair in the middle?" said the old fellow in the front row of the orchestra to a friend, loud enough to be heard by the young man just behind them.

"It's a sign that he's not bald-headed," replied the young man, leaning forward.—Yonkers Statesman.

You Save by Buying Hardware, Building Materials Etc., Of Us.



R. F. D. Mail Boxes \$1. Galvanized Steel. Heavy spring keeps door always closed. Approved by Postmaster General twice.

"The Best Box Made" \$1.00

Window Spring Bolts Japanned per dozen - - - - - 12c

"T" Hinges wrought steel including screws, 3 in hinges per pair - - - - - 7c

Columbia Brand prepared Roofing, the Best in the market. Complete with nails, cement. Per sq. ft. 10c sq. ft. 1/2 ply

Write for list "K". Send us a list of your wants and get prices including freight prepaid to your station. Illustrated Money Saving Catalog free to any address.

Ainslie-Boyd Co., Inc.

"Reliable Dealers"

2011 Westlake Ave. SEATTLE



Glasses scientifically fitted. We lead, others follow. 302-304 Empire building. Entrance 691 Second Ave. SEATTLE.

SEAVIEW PARK LOTS

Will Earn You 100 Per Cent in Six Months

These lots Cleared, City Water, Graded Streets, with view of the Sound and every lot within three blocks of Point Defiance Car Line, which runs center of the property, and only 22 minutes from 9th and C Sts., will certainly earn you one hundred per cent in six months. Tacoma has grown surely, doubling in population in five years, and twice doubling in property values in same time.

The Great Railroad Systems building into the city will cause a larger increase in these values than ever before, and with the building movement already started, this Fall will witness the greatest buying movement in close-in property.

SEAVIEW PARK LOTS ARE IN THE LAST CLOSE-IN ADDITION IN TACOMA

I will buy these lots for you on reasonable weekly or monthly terms; will sell same, keeping you informed as to increased value.

Every order will positively receive my personal attention. Write today for prices, plat and all information to

A. W. Ottigson, Manager Sales Dept., GIL'S HOME INVESTMENT CO., 929 Pacific Ave., Tacoma, Wash.

HOWARD E. BURTON, Assayer and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specimen Prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, \$1.00; Gold, Silver, 75c; Gold, 50c; Zinc or Copper, \$1. Cyanide Tests, Mailing Envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Umpire work solicited. References: Carbonate National Bank.

When in SEATTLE Don't fail to visit

LUNA PARK

The nation's greatest playground on the Pacific Coast

SOLE LOCAL AGENTS

It is with pleasure that we are able to announce that we have secured the exclusive local agency for Cheney's Photos and Postal Cards.

SHURICK DRUG CO.

S. C. SHURICK, M. D.
Proprietor

THE PALATIAL S. S. ST. CROIX

Will sail for

Seattle on or about August 2

via the inside passage. The most modern up-to-date steamer in the Alaska trade

TWO BERTH STATEROOMS

Portable electric reading lamps in each berth

Special Dining Saloon Features

Tickets sold on board at prevailing rates

SCHUBACH - HAMILTON STEAMSHIP CO.

Messages From Afar

Although the local wireless station is unable to send messages owing to inefficient equipment, it is still able to receive, and many and varied are the stray aerograms which are gathered in apparently from nowhere. The other evening one was heard from a steamship off the coast of Washington, notifying San Francisco of the condition of the weather and the hour at which they would arrive at that port. Several times have Tatoosh and Bremerton navy yard stations been overheard; and one afternoon recently, with atmosphere conditions just right, Operator Johnston heard a faint tapping of the message from some steamer far out upon the broad Pacific, relaying a message to distant Japan.

If government red tape ever gets around to it and installs an adequate outfit here, there is no doubt but that messages can be sent to Ketchikan, Sitka and other places more remote, and when the British Columbia government shall have completed the installation of the stations now contemplated, communication can then be had by relay to Seattle, so that in the event of accident to the cable, we should still be in touch with the Puget Sound metropolis.

Crab fishing seems to have struck Wrangell in fourteen places all at once, and one is apt to stumble over crabs, crabbers or crabnets, in most any old place. The market fishermen are meeting with fair luck, and will ship on every trip of the Humboldt.

Fred Johnston and F. D. Cheney left Sunday in the latter's boat for a peotracted trip. Their first stop will be at Petersburg, where they expect to remain several days. From there, weather permitting, they will go th the whaling station at Tyee, and return by way of the West Coast, stopping at Shakan and the other points of interest.

Committed to the Asylum

After an investigation, Court Commissioner Snyder committed Charles McMinamin to the asylum for the insane, yesterday morning. The boy has been deranged for a number of years, but until recently had never been violent. Of late however he has become much worse so it was thought best to place him under restraint to prevent him harming himself or another.

Jeff Casson, who was out after "mowich" the latter part of last week, is home again.

The Antelope made port at an early hour Sunday morning, and left the same evening with provisions for the salmon fishermen at Santa Anna.

Mrs. R. L. Milligan and her friend, Miss Green, of Flagstaff, Arizona, were round trippers to Sitka on the Seattle, returning yesterday morning.

John Kolb has been papering the upstairs rooms over the Wrangell Drug Store this week. John is a first-class mechanic, and the work he does is all right.

The first pears of the season, California Bartlets, arrived up on the Cottage, and looked and tasted just as good as they did a year ago.

Rev. Corser's lectures at the church, seem to meet with the approval of the tourists and is something they all should hear. Mr. Corser has probably delved as deeply into the mythology of the Alaskan native as any man in Alaska, and is therefore the more able to tell the stranger of the old life of the Indian.

Job Printing at The Sentinel.

Shipping Shingles Up River

The Wrangle Shingle Co. is doing an international business these days. On the last trip of the Port Simpson they shipped 12,000 shingles up the river, and that vessel has 30,000 more on board this voyage. Business has been rather quiet at the mill for the past month or so, but these orders will clean out their stock on hand, and thus start the wheels to revolving once again.

Theatrical Co. on Humboldt

Among the two hundred and over passengers which the Humboldt carried north this trip, was a theatrical company under the management and direction of T. Daniel Frawley, a well known actor of the Pacific Coast. They are on their way inside to Fairbanks, where they will show until the close of navigation.

Mrs. Fred Leonard was a round trip passenger on the last trip of the Uncle Dan.

Though Johnnie Grant was away on a trip to the West Coast, the Wrangell Hotel kept up its reputation for hospitality Tuesday night by throwing open its doors to the Cottage City's passengers who gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to "tip the light fantastic toe."

The run of salmon has slacked up somewhat, and Manager Babler once more has time to demonstrate the finer points of "solo" playing to Wrangell's card sharks.

Don't fail to read Matheson's "ad" this week. The bargains mentioned therein will interest you.

Word comes from Juneau that Antone Bergseth is rallying from his accident of a couple of weeks ago, and doing finely.

Leonard Campbell is Ole Johnson's right hand man at the City Store during Donald Sinclair's absence, and can hand out souvenir post cards to the tourists as gracefully as the best of 'em.

Frank Spaulding has just finished painting and overhauling his gas boat, and she is once more on the job. The little launch is a staunch one, and the engine can be depended on to keep on running.

St. Michael Trading Co.

We are Headquarters for the following Lines of Merchandise

**Boots and shoes
Dry Goods, Rubber Goods
Groceries
Hardware, Ship Chandlery
Crocery, etc.**

Authorized Agents

Victor Talking Machines

**Tin Shop in Connection
CAMP STOVES, GASOLINE TANKS, ETC.
Made To Order**

UNDERTAKING PARLORS

CASKETS TRIMMED AND SHIPPED TO ALL POINTS

We outfit

Miners, Fishermen, Prospectors

Sole Local Agents for

Hercules Blasting Powder

Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention

Wrangell - - Alaska

Olympic Restaurant

BANDO BROS., Proprietors

**BEST MEALS
GOOD BAKING**

Bread, Pies and Cakes for sale

WRANGELL - - ALASKA

Frank Coulter Sells Launch

Local gas boat men seem to be of the general opinion that Sam Cunningham made a very good buy when he purchased the Comet for the price he did recently. To be sure the engine has not been running any too well of late, but those who claim to know, seem to think that the trouble can be remedied at very little cost.

Judging from the fact that he had a half-dozen or more lady passengers to one man, on his trip up the river last Wednesday, Capt. Kenig Johansson continues in the good graces of the fair sex.

Subscribe for The Sentinel.

VIEWS OF WRANGELL AND VICINITY

POST CARDS
\$1.00 Per Dozen

Developing and Printing
Done for Amateurs

Our Views and Postcards
For Sale by
The Shurick Drug Company

F. D. CHENEY

**Hello, Fellers! Don't forget the Number,
WRANGELL DRUG CO., Wholesale and Retail Druggists**